

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

BASE BALL.

The Invincibles, marshalled by Manager Eugene L. Taylor, clipped the wings of the locally famous Owls in a snappy contest on Vail field Saturday afternoon, and won the championship of the Maple Syrup League. It looks as though they might retain it.

The Owls were handicapped by the glare of day and blinked helplessly at Mackenzie's curves and the fast and slow freights that he put over the plate, while the Invincibles had much less trouble with Prior's delivery. Damas relieved Prior late in the game, after the Invincibles had a commanding lead.

Bean and Ryan did some masterly backstopping for their respective teams.

Wood and Ransom, drafted from W. H. S. for the Invincibles, were the heavy hitters, likewise Bradley, who put up a fine game at first base. Bean also showed class as a batsman. Manager Taylor sat on the bench and seemed to enjoy the occasion to the limit. He is receiving many congratulations on the success of his team, which was the first to pluck the Owls this season.

Fourth of July Races.

More than a dozen horses started in the three races at the fair ground July 4, and the several events were well contested, the colts especially developing a lot of speed and spirit.

A Hartland horse won the 230 class in straight heats, Windsor and Lebanon dividing second money, and a Barnard horse taking third.

There were four heats in the 240 class, with five starters.

Two of the youngsters each took a heat of the colt race, and then, as it required two to win, this performance fell to W. M. Houghton's Beth McGregor.

The summaries:
230 class, purse \$50; best two in three.
Danger Signal, H. T. Dunbar, 1 1
Brown Bird, Jr., R. Fecto, 2 4
Rit, Saul Johnson, 3 2
Lady Grey, E. C. Cady, 4 3
Time, 2:55, 2:57.
240 class, purse \$50; best two in three.
Leta Gilling, Armstrong, 1 2
Happy Joe, Ezra Tatro, 2 3
Sister B. R. Fecto, 3 3
King Temple, Broadway, 4 dr
Nancy H. E. C. Cady, 5 dr
Time, 2:55, 2:57, 1:40, 1:35.
Colt race, purse \$25; 1 mile heat, best 2 in 3.
Beth McGregor, W. M. Houghton, 1 2 3 1
Slippery Jim, Forrest Taylor, 1 3 4 2 3
General H. Fred Mayo, 3 1 3 3 3
Sik Girl, Ernest Blodgett, 4 1 4 4
Time, 1:30, 1:35, 1:35, 1:30, 1:15.

Concert in the Park.

The Woodstock Military band will give a concert in the park this evening at 8 o'clock. This is the first appearance of the reorganized band. It is now under the direction of Mr. W. Howard Johnson, an excellent cornetist, and is making good progress under his leadership.

The program this evening is as follows:
March—Colonel Miner's.....Rowenkeans
Selection—Miserere.....Miller
March—In the Nick of Time.....Rolf
Concert Solo—Silver Threads Among the Gold.....Danks
W. Howard Johnson
Schottische—Mandy Jane.....Rolf
Selection—Golden Rod.....Kinley
March—Crystal Springs Park.....Miller
Solo—Spangled Banner

WOODSTOCK NOTES

A week's mission will begin in the Church of Our Lady of the Snows on Sunday morning, July 9, at the eleven o'clock service, continuing through the week and closing the following Sunday. The speaker will be the Rev. Joseph Hamlerckx. The public will be cordially welcomed to these services.

Mrs. J. B. Jones and S. B. Whitely are at Bluff Beach, near Swampscott, Mass., for a few weeks.

The Universalist church will be closed until the second Sunday in August, while the pastor is on his vacation. He will be in Woodstock until July 15, when he intends to go

to Terry Beach, Old Orchard, Maine, to remain until about August 12.

A first mass at 8:45 o'clock a. m. will be celebrated at the Catholic church tomorrow morning strictly for the benefit of those whose occupation debar them from attending the 11 o'clock mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Johnson's little daughter, about two years old, got hold of a bottle of gasoline Saturday afternoon, and tasted enough of it to make her very ill. Dr. Jackson attended her, and was able to bring her out of danger in a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Kenefick and child have returned from Worcester, Mass., where they have been visiting for a month.

Dr. and Mrs. Richard Frothingham and daughter of New York are at the Inn.

Mrs. R. W. Dinamore is the guest of Mrs. J. R. Murdock.

SOUTH POMFRET

Rev. H. L. Canfield will conduct a service in Grange hall on Sunday afternoon, July 9th, at 3 o'clock. Everyone welcome.

We are very fortunate in having been able to secure Rev. Anson Titus of West Somerville, Mass., to give in Grange hall on Tuesday evening, July 11, his enthusiastic, entertaining and instructive lecture, on "The Days of the New England Primer." This lecture has been given before some of the largest men's clubs connected with the Congregational churches in New England.

Rev. Titus is an authority on matters of colonial history. He has been called upon to give addresses before the "Sons of the Revolution"; Daughters of the American Revolution; Historical Societies, etc., in many of the largest New England cities, and in the Middle States.

Besides this attractive lecture the evening will be enlivened with music furnished by Miss Rachel Thacher, one of our Pomfret girls of whom we have a right to be proud. Admission 10 cts. A moonlight night! Come one! Come all!

Abba D. Chamberlain
Chairman Teago Lecture Committee

WEST HARTFORD.

Deferred

Mrs. C. H. Abel and baby is spending the week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willis Kenyon.

Chauncy Munsell is home from U. V. M. for the summer vacation.

Edythe Barr is spending a few days with Elizabeth Munsell.

S. M. Snow is in Woodstock and Bridgewater for a few days.

Several from here attended the strawberry festival and dance at Pomfret Center Tuesday night.

Rollo Denick was one of the pupils who played at Miss Bardin's recital at White River Junction Tuesday night.

Jack Vail has been the guest of Chauncy Munsell for a few days.

We are glad to hear that the West Hartford band has revived and is doing business again.

F. P. Wheeler made a trip to Boston last week.

V. B. Leavitt has come to live with Willis Kenyon's family.

Mrs. Robert Hazen spent Thursday at Z. C. Copeland's.

Dr. and Mrs. Mitchell are spending a week or so in New York state.

Mr. and Mrs. Justin Bugbee are visiting their son in Waterbury.

Mrs. G. T. Hazen was at Henry Harding's Sunday.

PLYMOUTH UNION

Very hot weather.

Mrs. Annie Raymond of Cornish, N. H., has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Helen Kavanagh.

Mrs. Julian Kavanagh and two children of Rutland are here for a visit.

Mrs. Ina Hutchinson of Chester and Mrs. Nellie Merrill of Ludlow visited Mrs. Crawford Monday.

Fort Tampa, Fla., is to be protected from fire by a brigade organized and trained by the daughter of the late chief of the Tampa fire department. This girl, Maggie Harris, is said to be the first in the United States, and probably in the world, to organize a fire department.

Ira Allen

From an address by D. P. Thompson before the Vermont Historical Society in 1880; reprinted in the Proceedings of the Society for 1908-1909.

Part II

But this work of ferreting out and expelling the Yorkers occupied but a small portion of Allen's time. The main business which occupied his time and attention was surveying and exploring wild lands; and these objects were so industriously and extensively prosecuted, from the time of his coming into the country to the outbreak of the Revolutionary war that, by the last named event, there probably was not a township, nor a tract of ungranted land large enough to make one, in all the Grants, which he had not visited, and with the situation and natural capabilities of which he was not pretty accurately acquainted. And it was during this period, mostly, that he acquired the immense landed estate, which was eventually found in his possession.

Ira Allen, while the York controversy was culminating, had reached the full bloom of his early manhood. And it is no exaggeration to say that he was, in his personal appearance, one of the finest looking men in Vermont. He was nearly six feet in height, and his body was faultlessly proportioned. With a shapely head, high, extensive forehead, dark hair, dark eyes, and clearly cut handsome features, he presented an unusually prepossessing exterior, which, in his case, at least, was but a true token of a physical organization throughout alike well calculated for health, activity, and endurance. To these personal advantages, united to his affable and winning manners, he was no doubt much indebted for his popularity and success, but much more to his intellect, which was certainly of no common order. His mind was unusually clear and comprehensive, enabling him unerringly to grasp the whole of a subject presented for his consideration; while his keen perceptions and acute discrimination served him no less unflinchingly in unraveling its complications, and discovering all its various bearings on the question in hand. These leading traits of his mind, together with its wonderful fertility in expedients, and his skill in reading and estimating men's motives, always made him competent to form his plans understandingly and wisely, and ready to meet and counteract those of his opponents, or turn them to his advantage. He was emphatically a man who did his own thinking.

In February, 1776, having seen the Yorkers effectually expelled from the Grants, he turned his whole soul to the projecting of a law for the establishment of a new state. And having drawn all the outlines and main features of a plan for the formation of a state civil government, which he deemed most consonant with the genius and needs of the people for whom it was intended, he, for the next succeeding year or more, devoted almost entirely his time and energies to the advancement of his important project.

Mr. Thompson goes on to recount in a most interesting manner Ira Allen's work for Vermont during the succeeding 20 years, work which is properly appreciated by very few. Some philanthropist should publish editions of the address and place it in every school and every library in Vermont.

This is No. 24 of a series of Vermont reprints which The Age purposes to publish weekly during the year. These reprints will also appear as leaflets, printed on good white paper 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 for distribution by Vermont citizens and for use in reading and study in Vermont public schools. The leaflets are sold in lots of not less than 25, for 25 cents, mailed post free.

Address The Elm Tree Press, Woodstock, Vermont.

Twins to Soldiers' Home Deer.

Twins were born recently to "Dick" and "Fanny," the present tenants of the small deer park at the Vermont Soldiers' Home in Bennington. This increase in the family is causing Superintendent Thomas Hannon considerable uneasiness as the enclosure is not large enough for such a herd nor has he the means of caring for the new arrivals. As soon as the fawns are old enough to look out for themselves, they will be sent to some public park.

Six Die By Drowning.

The waters of New England claimed six victims July 4. Five of the number were enjoying a cooling bath, while the sixth victim was a boy of four who fell over the side of a boat in which his father was giving him a ride.

One Mile in 48:72.

A world's automobilizing record of 48:72 for one mile was established by Bob Burman July 4, in his Blitzen Benz car at the Brighton Beach motordrome. The new mark is one-fifth of a second better than DePalma in a Fiat car made last year at Syracuse.

Dr. Duffield, the pastor of the First Presbyterian church in New York city, spoke outside the church, on the steps, for a few minutes the other Sunday evening, inviting the Fifth avenue crowds to attend his service. The outdoor service on Fifth avenue is something of a novelty, though familiar elsewhere.

LAUNCHED ON A BEDSTEAD.

Crossing a River in India on a Novel Sort of Ferryboat.

In a country where rivers are subject to sudden and heavy floods bridges are sometimes so insecure that ferries are kept up through centuries. Such is the case in India, and the methods of crossing the streams are now what they have been from the earliest times. Colonel Davidson, in his "Memories of a Long Life," tells how he was taken across a river of that country in time of freshet. The contrivance was simple and may have been used in the orient as long as history shows any record.

A cord having been fastened to a large elongated gourd and a small native gourd being tied to the other, the native gets astride and, laying his breast on the larger gourd, with hands and feet he paddles himself across.

Women, too, avail themselves of this singular conveyance under the escort of a ferryman who, similarly mounted, for the small remuneration of a farthing takes his charge in tow, carries her basket, with perhaps a child in it, on his head and conveys them safe across.

Herds of cattle swim these flooded rivers like water rats, and the herd boy as a matter of course takes the tail of the hindmost bullock in his hand and thus gains a very comfortable lift across.

These methods of crossing rivers, however, are hardly in accordance with our European ideas of comfort. So thought I one day as I stood after a long ride on the bank of a wide and rapid stream which separated me from my halting place. I did not relish the idea of buffeting the muddy current on a horse of gods, but as there was no boat within twenty miles it seemed as if I must either do this or

bivouac on the bank without my dinner.

While I was in this dilemma a native signified that he would soon set me right. From a neighboring hut he brought a native bedstead—not a four poster such as we luxurious people use, but a small, light frame of wood having four little legs and held together by the interlacing of a piece of cord, which thus forms a sort of netted bottom to this simple piece of furniture.

He next brought out four round earthen pots, and after protecting the bottom of each with a few inches of sand he put the legs of this cot into these pots and signified that the vessel was ready to be launched.

As I sat doubled up on the ex-temperated raft, in company with my saddle, I found myself raised an inch or two above the level of the water, the earthen pots forming admirable floats. A couple of lusty swimmers then took me in tow and soon landed me on the opposite bank.

Lakes Tipped by Winds.

Under the force of great gales large lakes and tideless seas, like the Caspian, have been observed to experience surprising changes of level, as if they were huge basins of water tipped by the hand of a giant. In the Caspian a difference of level between the two sides of the sea amounting to twelve feet has been noted during the prevalence of a heavy wind. In Lake Erie a difference of level of fifteen feet has occurred in similar circumstances. Analogous observations have been made on other lakes and in the Baltic sea.—Scientific American.

The First Congregational church of Bakersfield, Vt., observed Tuesday the centennial celebration of the founding of the church.

WALL STREET HOODOOS.

Men Who For No Apparent Reason Do Not Succeed in Business.

Wall street people are superstitious. They will deny it when told so, but if you ask any one in the street if he ever knew a hoodoo he will say, "Yes, many a one."

Such a one was a cotton expert who, highly recommended, applied for a place with a stock exchange house that had bought a cotton exchange membership and needed a man to open a new field of speculation to its clients.

The applicant was in every way desirable save for the fact that three houses with which he had been connected had failed, though not one for a dishonest reason. He was rejected as a hoodoo.

Shortly afterward he made a connection with another house to fill a similar want and proved a very valuable man in his sphere, but within a year the fourth house failed.

The hoodoo is often a man whom everybody likes, speaks well of and recommends to every one else, with the one reservation—he is a man who unaccountably has not succeeded. There is nothing whatever against him; he is honest and shrewd and all that, but—unsuccessful.

Once the hoodoo becomes known as such he must attach himself to the newcomers—those who do not know, have not been warned or who are so new and confident as not to care. Each connection he makes is a little less desirable, until he finally reaches the stage at which he is ashamed of his associations.—Strand Magazine.

Wonders of Our Sun.

The following facts have been learned respecting the ruler of the solar system: The mighty orb lies at a mean distance from the earth of 92,000,000 miles. His diameter is 860,000 miles, exceeding the earth's 109 times. He exceeds the earth in surface 11,750 times and in mass 328,800 times. The telescope proves that the sun's surface is not of uniform brightness, but is marked by "spots," varying in number, duration and size. Some of these spots are of immense proportions, the largest of them having a diameter of 100,000 miles. The sun is steadily growing smaller as it ages, contracting as it cools. It has been estimated that somewhere between 5,000,000 and 7,000,000 of years from the present the sun will have become like the moon, cold and dead.

Took It Literally.

A gentleman, wishing some bushes removed from his garden, told his gardener to pull them up by the roots. Some time after he went into the garden and found the gardener digging trenches round the bushes.

"Why, George," he said, "you need not dig round those small bushes in that way. I am sure you are strong enough to pull them up by the roots."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the gardener. "I am strong enough, but I must dig a little before I can catch hold of the roots. If you had told me to pull them up by the branches I could have removed them."

The One Thing Needful.

"Arms and legs are not so indispensable, after all," remarked the man who narrowly escaped with his life in an explosion where he lost the use of both arms. He sipped his milk in silence through a straw, shook some change out of his pocket to the waiter and, reaching down with his mouth for his lighted cigar, puffed vigorously. Then, bowing his head and jamming it into his hat on the table, he arose and turned to go, saying, "But this head of mine is mighty useful."—New York Times.

The Stumper Stumped.

A political speaker while making a speech paused in the midst of it and exclaimed, "Now, gentlemen, what do you think?"

A man rose in the assembly and with one eye partially closed modestly, with a strong Scotch brogue, replied, "I think, sir, I do, indeed, sir—I think if you and I were to stump the country together we would tell more lies than any other two men in the country, sir, and I'd not say a word myself during the whole time, sir!"

A Willing Victim.

When Sir Thomas Lipton was an industrious but far from wealthy young man in this country he had an experience with a burglar. He was awakened one night by the consciousness that there was a stranger in his room. "Who's that?" he demanded, sitting up in bed. "Sh-h-h!" exclaimed the burglar. "Don't move, or I'll shoot. I'm looking for money." "Wait a minute," said Lipton calmly. "I'll get up and help you."

BOA AND BEAR.

A Violent Fight to the Death in the Jungles of India.

It is not given to many to witness such a combat as one seen by an American and a party of natives whom the former accompanied on a hunting expedition in southern India. The natives had set some traps and nets and were making the round of them when a succession of hideous noises was heard.

Proceeding cautiously to the spot, they found a big jungle bear fighting for his life with a huge serpent. The snake had wrapped the bear in its terrible folds and was crushing it to death. The bear was struggling as best he might, darting from side to side, roaring and snapping his jaws at the serpent's folds.

These folds the bear was unable to reach with his teeth, owing to the way in which he had been enwrapped. He struggled along the ground until he reached a steep slope, and down this he threw himself violently.

Evidently this frightened the serpent, for it unwound a couple of folds from the bear and threw its tail around a tree. This was the bear's opportunity. No sooner had the snake thus partially straightened out, giving a rigid line from the tree to the bear's body, than the bear turned and fastened his jaws in the snake's body.

The hissing was then appalling. The snake quickly unfolded its body and savagely struck at the jaws of the bear to make him loosen his hold. But the bear, with a muffled roar, continued to bite and worry his antagonist's body.

Then once more the serpent constricted its folds, enwrapped the howling and gasping bear, and both, struggling violently and rolling over and over, disappeared in the tall grass.

Their track was marked with blood. The hunters followed and presently saw that the antagonists had separated. The snake, evidently badly hurt, was coiled in an attitude of defense, hissing and twisting angrily. It looked as if it had enough and wanted to be out of the fight.

Not so, however, the bear. Though crushed almost to death, with its tongue lolling far out of its jaws, it rushed, after a moment's pause, on the serpent. Weak from loss of blood, the snake was unable to prevent the bear from seizing it by the head. Then the bear dragged the serpent about, with roars of triumph, crushing the last spark of life out of its quivering body.—New York Globe.

The Siege of "Derry."

Among the famous sieges of history is the siege of Londonderry, which began on April 30, 1689, and lasted until July 30 following, when the forces of James II. retired with the loss of some 10,000 men. The siege of Derry will always stand pre-eminent among the examples of human heroism. The besieged were put to the extreme limit of endurance, famine, pestilence and the sight of their loved ones dying everywhere about them, but with courage such as is seldom witnessed among men they held on until help came. Macaulay's account of the wonderful siege is one of the most thrilling pages of history.

Not an Uncommon Case.

"What did you say was the matter with Milliker?"
"Aphasia."
"What's that?"
"Not quite. This is financial aphasia."
"What's that?"
"Milliker has owed me \$20 for seven years."
"And he can't remember it, eh?"
"Oh, yes, he remembers it most of the time, but he never remembers it when he has the money."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Let-down.

A lawyer in a county court, says a writer in the Green Bag, having exhausted his eloquence in behalf of his client on trial for stealing, worked up to this climax:
"Gentlemen of the jury, after what this man has offered in evidence and what I have stated to you, is this man guilty? Can he be guilty? Is he guilty?"
The foreman, with a smile and in a genial tone, replied:
"You just wait awhile, ole hoss, 'n' we'll tell ya."

Its Worth.

Some good luck had come to him in business that day, and he felt as if he wanted to share it with others. So when he reached her house and dismissed the station hack with its two sorry horses he joyously handed the driver \$2.

The driver looked at the money, then at the man and then at his horses and finally said:
"All right, sir. Which horse do you want?"